

Mad dogs and innocents

Lulu Keating, Chris Zimmer and the making of The Midday Sun

BY SILVER DONALD CAMERON

In our next film," declares Lulu Keating, "the cast will consist of two deaf-mutes, both nudists, who will be kept in a white room for the entire duration of the shoot."

Lulu Keating's first feature film is emphatically not like that. *The Midday Sun* is showing this fall at film festivals in Chicago, Lisbon, Montreal, Guelph, Vancouver, and Halifax before being released in Canadian theatres. Keating and her producer, Christopher Zimmer, are both headquartered in Halifax. *The Midday Sun*, however, was not shot somewhere along Nova Scotia's jagged coast; it is the first Canadian feature film ever shot in Africa, and aside from its merits as a film, it represents a triumph of organization.

During the final countdown before shooting, Keating was in Zimbabwe with her production team, working out of an administrative office in Harare and a production office in Bulawayo.

Zimmer was still in Canada, putting together the final details of the deal, flying back and forth from his offices in Halifax to meet with co-producer John Hunter and executive producer Don Haig in Toronto and with Telefilm in Montreal. Then he would ship equipment via London to Zimbabwe before returning to Halifax to sit hunched over the fax machine, studying the latest reports from Keating's team in Zimbabwe.

And always there was the worry about the financing. The work of an independent producer, smiles Zimmer, often seems to have more to do with making deals than making films. The financing was a real cliffhanger: the last piece fell into place just a week before the first day of shooting. When Zimmer finally arrived in Bulawayo, Keating was afraid he would come off the plane in a basket.

"It was the most difficult thing I've ever done in my life," Zimmer concedes, "but it was very

satisfying to get it all together and start shooting on the starting date." The shoot began on Monday, September 26, 1988, at 7:15 a.m. — the exact date they had established months before.

WEBS OF CORRUPTION

A thin, short swishing sound, then a sharp crack. The Canadian girl jerks and cringes as though she, and not the African villager, had been lashed with a switch.

"It's wrong!" she cries. "back home, you can't —"

"But here, it works," interjects the African clergyman. "You cannot go around interfering all the time."

Silver Donald Cameron is one of Canada's best writers of both fiction and non-fiction. A resident of Halifax and Cape Breton, Mr. Cameron makes his first, contribution to Cinema Canada with this article.

THE MIDDAY SUN IS A QUIET, LOW-KEY FILM — NO DEATHS, NO GUNSHOTS, ONLY ONE PUNCH AND A COUPLE OF SLAPS. BUT IT EVOKES LARGE ISSUES. WHAT IS JUSTICE? WHAT IS HONESTY? WHAT IS REAL, AND WHAT IS ONLY APPARENT?



Director Lulu Keating and producer Chris Zimmer on location in Zimbabwe, filming *The Midday Sun*

The Midday Sun is a very personal film, in some ways, and that exchange lies at the heart of it. The film follows the experience of a young Canadian volunteer, Maggie Cameron (Isabelle Mejias), who is away from home for the first time, serving as secretary to an African minister, Julius Okimo (George Seremba). Decent and well-intentioned, but horrendously naive, Maggie applies her own notions of justice and liberty to the African situation, only to find them wholly inadequate to its cultural and political complexities. Her already-precarious position is further compromised by her open involvement in a torrid affair with a young German sociologist (Robert Bockstael).

Maggie's house is robbed and her servant arrested. Convinced of his innocence, she attempts to right the injustice - but her crusade reveals a web of corruption and deceit which shocks her profoundly. Her European friends break with her. She quarrels bitterly with her lover. The conflict ruins Okimo's career, and African officialdom ultimately requires that Maggie leave the country. Before she goes, however, she achieves a kind of reconciliation with Seremba atop a mountain, in the midst of ruins which evoke the antiquity and sophistication of African society.

The Midday Sun is a quiet, low-key film - no deaths, no gunshots, only one punch and a couple of slaps. But it evokes large issues. What is justice? What is honesty? What is real, and what is only apparent?

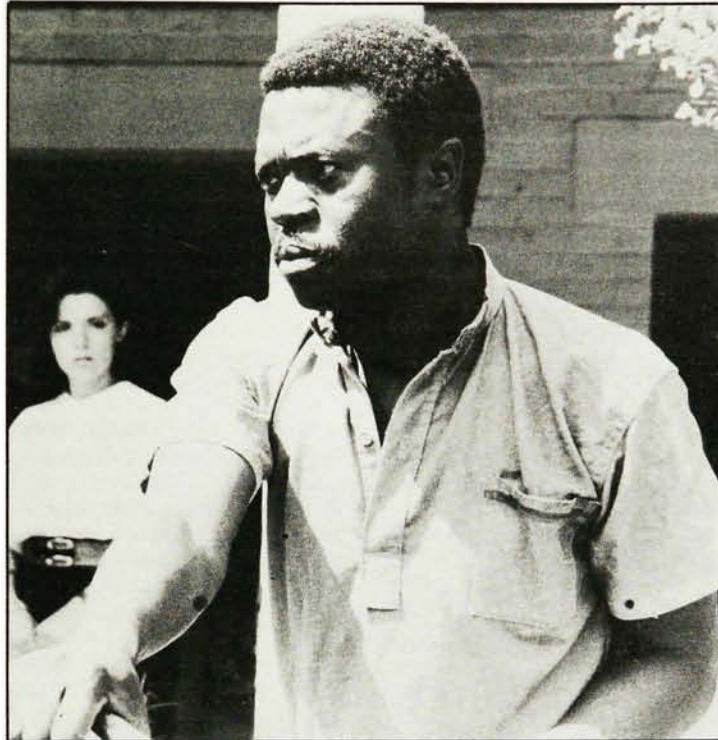
The respectable whites prove morally disreputable, for instance, deeply compromised by their economic exploitation, outright theft, and an easy life of private clubs and servants. The blacks are no angels, either, bullying the powerless and scheming for petty advantage.

Still, the most attractive characters in the film are all Africans: Maggie's domestic servant Anthony Kacula (Dominic Kanaventi), his wife Elizabeth (Kathy Kuleya), Julius Okimo. Despite the apparent injustices and occasional cruelties of African society, the Africans are rooted in their place and their culture, deeply related to one another. The displaced Europeans, by contrast, are colonial leftovers and international driftwood.

As her abortive little rebellion dissolves into nothing, Maggie herself concedes - with a fleeting reference to Donald Marshall - that racism, injustice and the abuse of power are not only African phenomena; they poison the air in white, liberal Canada, too.

AT A CROSSROADS

"For me, it's important to make films that are entertaining but also challenging," says Lulu Keating. She is a striking figure, tall and redheaded and deep-voiced, with a fluorescent green headscarf to match her green and shocking stockings. On this bright autumn afternoon, she sits in the sunlight of a renovated Hollis Street attic. The suite of offices houses



Anthony Kacula (Dominic Kanaventi), learns he is to be held for questioning with regard to the break-in at Maggie Cameron's (Isabelle Mejias,) b. g.



Julius Okimo (George Seremba) and Maggie Cameron (Isabelle Mejias) greeted by village children

several film-related companies - including Keating's Red Snapper Films, Chris Zimmer's Imagex Inc., and Missing Piece Productions, the jointly-controlled company which owns *The Midday Sun*.

"I want to make films that discuss important things," says Lulu Keating, "things that people should be thinking about - but in a question form, not an answer form."

Lulu Keating has been thinking about those issues for a long time. Her African odyssey began in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, as one of 11 children of a geologist who had grown up in India. The family always had a "sense of international community"; indeed, the household often included Third World students attending St. Francis Xavier University and its internationally-oriented co-operative training centre, the Coady Institute.

In the middle of her own university studies, Keating had an opportunity to travel on an international exchange with Crossroads, an organization "set up to send people out who are at a point of flux in their lives, people who will use their experience to change their values or their focus. Most Crossroads volunteers are students, but some are older people who are changing direction. Crossroads concentrates on how you learn and change, not on what you do in the Third World. It has a rather holistic view

of international development."

Keating left Nova Scotia for what was then still the Belgian Congo "with that one-world, we-are-all-brothers view," but soon discovered that the African reality was unimaginably remote from her own outlook. Western business was reaping large profits in the name of "development." The police were lazy and corrupt. The country had two economies, one legitimate and one underground.

"A lot of people actually had two businesses, one corrupt and one straight," she says. "There were so many restrictions - on imports, for example - that almost everyone seemed to be doing something dirty."

The Congo included hunter-gatherers who ran terrified from the approach of an automobile, as well as Canadian businessmen interested in cutting down the forest environment to make pulp and paper. Keating concluded, unfashionably, that the 20th century was a mixed blessing, and that some societies were not ready for the 20th century and didn't need it.

"We have to stop dealing in platitudes and become realists," she says now. "We have to learn to listen. We're always trying to 'develop' other people, but very often we destroy what they have and give them something they don't want. If our way isn't the right thing for them, we should leave them alone."

That lesson applies not only in the Third World, Keating notes, but also in Canada.

"I had a lot of trouble in Africa trying to explain what we've done to our own native people," she says. "But it's the same thing. Years later, when I was studying at Ryerson in Toronto, I was in a development group, and someone suggested, 'Hey, we're students of design, we should design something for the Inuit.' So they designed this prefab bungalow structure; it was modular, flexible; it had interior partitions that could be moved around and so on.

"But it had never been put to the Inuit whether this was what they really wanted. They're a nomadic, hunting people. Do they want to be settled in towns and living in bungalows? Really basic questions like that weren't even being addressed."

On her way home from Africa, Keating stopped in Paris for two weeks of "re-introduction to the West." She was shocked by the opulence: the restaurants, the shops, the jewelry, the expensive cars. One day, on a moving sidewalk between a shopping mall and a train station, she saw a black African, screaming in French, "Look at me! You've destroyed me! Look what you've done to my culture!" She arrived in Canada with "views that were really an affront to my Liberal-thinking friends."

Keating spent several restless years settling back into a Canada which struck her as intolerably smug and blind. Eventually she found herself with an unfinished university degree, an unfinished course from the



Isabelle Meijas in the role of Maggie Cameron

Vancouver School of Art, an unfinished program at Toronto's Ryerson Institute, a new vocation as a filmmaker, and a few things she very much wanted to say. She took a train home to Nova Scotia. Her worldly goods fitted into 10 cardboard boxes. She was determined to make films.

THE MISSING PIECE

When she first returned to Nova Scotia, Keating practiced her craft at the Atlantic Filmmakers' Co-op, learning to use cameras and recording equipment, editing her own films as well as writing and directing them. The result was a series of waggish short pieces: *Lulu's Back in Town*, *Forehead Play*, *Funny Things People Can do to Themselves*, and an animated version of the Lewis Carroll poem *Jabberwocky*.

But Africa continued to haunt her. She began working on *The Middy Sun* in 1982, six years before she would shoot a single foot of film. At first, the African material took the form of a short story. Then it was a film script, moving slowly through many drafts. With a \$2.3 million budget, *The Middy Sun* ultimately became a relatively expensive Canadian feature, but Keating's original plan was to make a Canada Council-funded art film, not a commercial venture.

During the film's long slow evolution, Keating

also wrote and directed two half-hour dramas. One of them, *City Survival*, has frequently been broadcast on national TV, and has achieved wide educational distribution. In 1987, she wrote and directed *Enterprising Women*, a National Film Board documentary about women entrepreneurs.

Chris Zimmer, Keating's dedicated producer, had studied film at universities in New York and San Francisco. He had also worked in California as an editor, cameraman, and producer of TV commercials before emigrating to Nova Scotia in 1972. *The Middy Sun* is Zimmer's second feature; the first was *Mindshadows*, co-produced with Dutch partners.

They met at a screening when Zimmer was "looking for interesting people to work with." He remembers being "attracted by her spirit and flair." Their first joint project was the 1985 TV documentary, *Rita MacNeil in Japan*. Talking with Keating about what was then called *Africa Chronicle*, Zimmer eventually persuaded her that the film could only be made as a mainstream feature, with support from such sources as Telefilm.

But that route, too, was fraught with difficulties. Zimmer secured Canadian and foreign distributors, and made his deal with Telefilm Canada. First Choice Canadian Communications acquired the pay-TV rights,

while making a direct investment in the film. (CBC-TV eventually acquired the broadcast rights, but only after screening the completed film.) Yet the final piece of the financing always seemed to elude the filmmakers. In frustration, they named their company Missing Piece Productions.

The missing piece eventually came from the Province of Nova Scotia, which does not yet have a separate film development agency, but which does nevertheless invest in Nova Scotian films. Cultural Affairs director Allison Bishop - who is almost paternally proud of *The Middy Sun* - has personally administered Nova Scotia's film support program since 1986 (with a short hiatus), investing in "at least 10 feature films and 12 TV projects." Tourism and Culture minister Roland Thornhill strongly supports the program, and legislation for an arm's-length agency surfaced in 1987, but for some reason it was never brought to the floor of the Legislature.

"I don't understand why it's been so difficult," Bishop says. "It should be a winner. Every dollar invested by the province in a film project is matched by at least two dollars from other sources, and usually by three or four dollars. The objectives of the program would be much better served by a separate agency. But for some reason, the proposal has yet to make it through the system."

A GHETTO OF THE IMAGINATION

Keating's themes are large, but her story is personal, almost private, closely related to the real-life incidents from which it arose. The cinematography reflects this personal scale: almost all the events are seen in close-ups and medium shots. Maggie sees elephants only fleetingly, from the deck of a river ferry; the only other exotic animals are small ones - secretary birds, armadillos - slowly revealed behind the titles. Until the final scene, Keating deliberately ignores the grandeur of Africa.

This quiet, disciplined style is appropriate for the story Keating wants to tell, but it also seems to be deeply imbedded in the Canadian approach to storytelling. Year after year, our best films are realistic, intimate, often autobiographical: *Goin' down the Road*, *Nobody Waved Goodbye*, *Mon Oncle Antoine*, *Why Shoot the Teacher*, *Duddy Kravitz*, *My American Cousin*, *Bye Bye Blues*, even relatively big-budget productions made by returning expatriates, such as *The Bay Boy* and *Joshua Then and Now*. In the U.S., in Britain, on the Continent, filmmakers are drawn to grand sagas, heroic quests, sweeping vistas, intergalactic imperial battles. Canadian films rarely seem to treat large subjects. There are exceptions: we have *Jesus of Montreal*, and we are about to have *Bethune*. But those are *rara avis*: more frequently, the Canadian imagination seems discomfited by the epic, the heroic, the mythic. Why?

The question puzzles Lulu Keating, makes her feel faintly defensive. Chris Zimmer refers the

phenomenon to the Canadian documentary tradition. Perhaps – but then how shall we account for the Canadian novels from which many of these films were derived, or for other splendid Canadian novelists who work within the same stylistic boundaries? The legacy of John Grierson and the National Film Board did not shape the imaginations of Margaret Laurence, Ernest Buckler, Morley Callaghan, David Adams Richards, Alice Munro. Even Timothy Findley, who takes Noah for a hero and gives dialogue to God, even Margaret Atwood, even a cosmic necromancer like Robertson Davies – even such novelists as these began with realistic stories about families, Toronto lovers, and the life of small towns.

Such stories can be heartbreakingly wonderful; no sane person would want Margaret Laurence to have been other than she was. But 20 years ago, when all the novelists seemed to be working at the same scale, one could hardly help but ask whether we were all walled within some ghetto of the imagination, cowed by the imperial cultures around us, feebly resisting our own secret conviction of our own insignificance.

In those days, however, we were talking to ourselves; it was difficult even to find Canadians who took Canadian literature seriously. Today, Canadian writing is a small but respected municipality in the republic of letters; Canadian fiction is studied in Bologna and Aarhus, and both Margaret Laurence and Robertson Davies have been seriously mentioned for the Nobel Prize.

Perhaps the present adventurousness and self-confidence of Canadian writing is related to its recent international acceptance. And novels, of course, are cheap, while films are expensive; the Canada Council might support Findley to write *Not Wanted on the Voyage*, but it would take God or George Lucas to finance the film version. All the same, big stories can surely be told on small budgets, provided the bards are burning to tell them. Perhaps the recent successes of Denys Arcand are harbingers of change, a confirmation

to Canadian filmmakers that Canadian stories, brilliantly told, can command the attention of world audiences.

All of which is meant to locate *The Middy Sun* in its cultural context, not to complain that it fails to achieve what it never intended to do. The film certainly has its uncertainties: it squanders some potentially electrifying confrontations, it sometimes lingers over forgettable moments, and rushes through crises. But it sets itself important and humane objectives, and it achieves most of them. In the end, it is poignant, thoughtful and convincing – a deeply *respectable* film.

COMING SOON

Keating and Zimmer have always worked together on a project-by-project basis, and they have no commitment to make another film together. But she's currently working on a new script, and she'll show it to Zimmer when it's ready.

Both of them have plenty of projects on hand. Zimmer is doing 60 two-minute shows on cooking for children, called *Out to Lunch*, as well as *The Leap*, a feature by John Hunter which Zimmer describes as "an existential gangster film set mostly on an island off the coast of Nova Scotia."

Keating, meanwhile, is working with Dartmouth poet Maxine Tynes on a half-hour drama for CBC-TV's *Inside Stories*. And once again, she's working on short films at the Atlantic Filmmakers Co-op – "a little nature film, and a short, funny film called *How to Eat a Lobster*, little projects which address my own weaknesses. My understanding of cameras, lenses and filters needs to be strengthened so I can have a better relationship with a cinematographer and be sure my vision really gets to film."

She pauses a moment. Then she smiles. "This is a good time," she says. "intellectually and emotionally, this is a very alive time for me." ●

Maggie (Isabelle Mejjias), gets a lecture from Lilian (Jackie Burroughs) on how to treat beggars, played by Zimbabwean extras



THOMPSON - JAMES

ENTERTAINMENT INSURANCE BROKERS

INSURANCE PROTECTION FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY

Providing Insurance For :

Commercials
Feature Films
Documentaries
Special Events
Television Series
Theatrical Productions
Producers' Errors & Omissions

Whether large or small, local or international, our specialists can provide the experience your productions require.

For Budget Estimates or Quotations Contact :
Jack Thompson, Roger James, Kirk Thompson

CINEVILLAGE, 65 Heward Ave., Toronto, Ontario M4M 2T5
Tel. : (416) 465-6757 Fax (416) 461-7847
A Division of 788609 Ontario Inc.

Enter the World

Motion Picture
Production

of Motion Picture Production

Advance your film career with a solid education in SAIT's two-year **Professional Motion Picture Production** diploma program. SAIT is now accepting applications for the study period beginning March 1990.

The program offers workshops with successful film professionals spotlighting the talents of directors, writers, editors, actors, producers and others. Participants also produce their own films during periods of independent study.

Develop your skills as a producer of feature, drama and documentary film. Previous experience is essential.

For further information, contact the program coordinator at (403) 284-8084.

COMMUNICATION
ARTS



Southern Alberta
Institute of Technology
1301 - 16 Avenue N.W.
Calgary, Alberta
T2M 0L4

Lulu Keating's The Midday Sun

Lulu Keating's first feature, despite its serious flaws, is a landmark picture. Although Keating's protagonist is a young Canadian woman, the movie has the audacity to portray, in a fiction film, non-Canadians on their own turf. By its mere existence, *The Midday Sun* illuminates an obvious truth: our moviemakers can and should – if they wish to – explore terrain far afield from life in the Great White North.

In *The Midday Sun*, Keating, who once lived in Zaire, observes inter-cultural short circuits in Africa. Her anti-heroine, Maggie Cameron (Isabelle Meijas), travels to an unnamed country as a do-gooder volunteer worker, fails to grasp the realities of life in a new environment, and screws up the lives of people she thinks she wants to help.

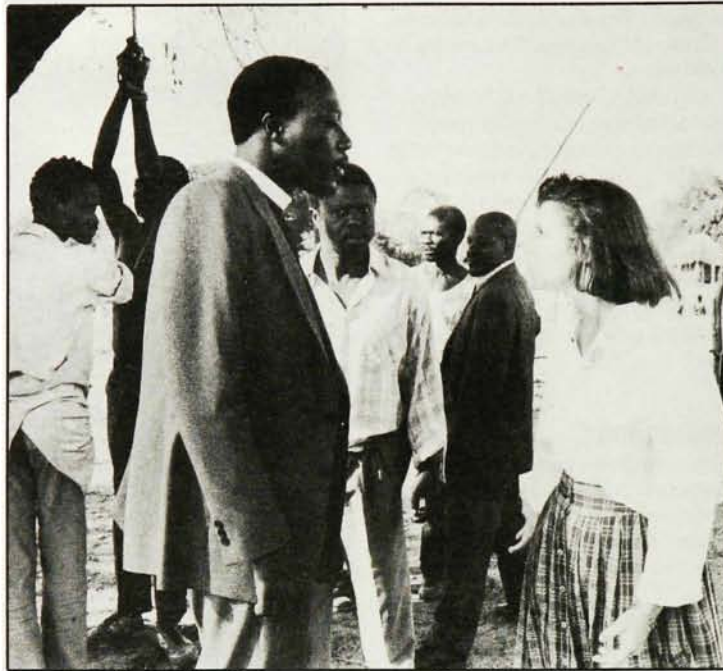
Keating is looking critically at smug, unquestioning "idealism." An interesting theme considering that Canadians, filmmakers and scholars among them, do occasionally become sanctimonious about the correctness of their moral and political values.

Maggie Cameron makes her first *gauche* moves before she's even started her job as assistant to an earnest missionary, Julius Okimo (played convincingly by Ugandan-Canadian George Seremba). At a nocturnal tribal celebration – during which the rather dour Okimo surprisingly dances bare-chested with the other men – Maggie takes snapshots and applauds as if she were attending a folklore show back home.

The next day, Maggie sees a man who loudly objected to her intrusive camera, being punished by the local authorities. She takes one look at the poor guy, trussed to a tree as he patiently endures a few flicks across the back, and diplomatically shouts, "This is barbaric!" Not the best entrance line in a post-colonial, newly independent African country.

The use of corporal punishment is far from the only social imperfection that shocks Maggie's pristine Canadian sensibility. As the picture develops, she encounters nepotism, graft, and other forms of nastiness among some sectors of the black population – not to mention amidst the decayed remains of white colonialism, incarnated with nice touches of terminal sleaze by Jackie Burroughs and Roland Hewgill. Burroughs wields a cigarette-holder and comes on like a drunk from hell; Hewgill spits out lines like "The Arabs have taken the *joie-de-vivre* out of the Riviera."

Most importantly, Maggie comes face to face with blatant injustice after her bungalow is broken into and burgled. When her servant Anthony Kacula (Dominic Kanaventi) finds



Isabelle Meijas as Maggie Cameron argues with Julius Okimo (George Seremba) about the use of corporal punishment.

himself wrongly convicted of the crime, she sets off on a crusade to save him, and like the naive protagonist in Graham Greene's thematically similar novel, *The Quiet American*, she makes a bad situation worse. Anthony is sent up the river for 10 years. Maggie's self-righteousness and white arrogance have blinded her to the fact that Africans best know how to operate within the parameters of a society that clearly shares some of our flaws.

The robbery drives *The Midday Sun's* plot, which is further complicated by Maggie Cameron's hots for a German sociologist (Robert Bockstael). In a discreet, dignified culture, her public necking and open-curtained lovemaking cause her boss, Okimo, severe embarrassment and threaten to undermine his position.

This is all promising material for a landmark movie. And *Midday Sun's* opening passages, bathed in orange-yellow light, are intelligently shot and smoothly cut to the beat of mellow African percussion. The picture opens with tight shots of strange creatures and exotic plants. Then there's a river, a ferry, people. Vivid colors stand out against a dusty landscape. The film, which was shot in Zimbabwe, feels populated; you're anticipating an adventure.

Meanwhile, a voice-off Maggie tells us that on journeys, "the strangest creature you meet is often yourself." Undeniably true. But as the lines of that stilted voice-over clunk onto the soundtrack, you begin to wonder what you're in for. As written by the director and performed by Meijas, Maggie Cameron, with her cute outfits out of an Eaton's catalogue, displays an emotional range that rarely extends beyond one note: perky petulance.

When Anthony's wife Elizabeth (Kathy Kulea), says to the woman, "You are still whining. Smarten up!", you want to shout back at the screen, "Say it again!" The character up there is stiff and opaque. You have trouble "reading" her, understanding what she's doing in Africa in the first place. She's supposed to be a person motivated by altruistic zeal, but Maggie seems more like a tourist who got stranded on the way to a Club Med.

Bruno, the object of her presumably uncontrollable passion, is equally vacant. Interestingly decadent Germans can be found on all continents, but this one is so dull, you wonder what Maggie sees in him. She and Bruno are the smug couple in the hotel room next door. As they buzz around on his motorcycle, Keating indicates their excitement with jump-cuts that would be clichés even in a chewing gum commercial. When they have sex, it's strictly soft-core in an aura of Ivory soap.

Naturally, one can argue that the vacancy of these central characters is the point of the film. Maggie, in particular, is a superficial creature out of her depth. But what about that introspective voice-over narration? Isn't it meant to imply she has a heart and a brain? During the film's dying moments, set on a mystic mountaintop, we hear her say something to the effect that she has caught a glimpse of herself in the clarity of the African light. We see the light, but very little of that self.

The Midday Sun's bland central characters stand in contrast to Steven (*sex, lies, and videotape*) Soderbergh's or Atom Egoyan's creations, who, although missing something at the centre of their being, are compelling

nevertheless. We follow their sluggish thoughts and absurdly twisted emotions; we feel haunted by an eerie emptiness.

Keating's movie, with its too-languid rhythm, seems restrained, cautious, as if the director were holding back. The story-line, with its interesting potential, never really tightens into a grip on the viewer. These are surprising problems in a film made by a woman whose shorts sport titles like *Lulu's Back in Town* and *Funny Things People Can Do to Themselves*.

Despite *The Midday Sun's* failures, it is a forthright movie that portrays another culture, while avoiding dehumanizing, propagandistic idealizations. The black characters are presented without condescension, and with a pragmatic understanding of a social culture in which you must play certain games to survive. At the same time, without sentimentality and romanticizing, the film's visuals and sound intimate African beauty.

Ironically, Lulu Keating has made a movie that touches Africa, but has trouble illuminating its female Canadian protagonist.

Maurie Alioff •

THE MIDDAY SUN exec. p. Don Haig d./tr. Lulu Keating p. Christopher Zimmer co-p. John Hunter ass. p. Rory Kilalea d.o.p. Manfred Guthe, c.s.c. art d. Mary Steckle ed. Miume Jan composer Sandy Moore p. mgr. Peter Reid p. co-ord. Susan Sheldon, Marianne Jacobs p. cont. Eric Crowell bookkeeper Susan Crowell sec. (Halifax) Carmen Pernier sec. (Zimbabwe) Francis Deppa-Whyte p. a. Roxanne Pettipas p. runner Philomon Sibanda 1st asst. d. David Robertson 2nd asst. d. Gordon Yang 3rd asst. d. Isaac Mabhikwa sc. sup. Susan Hains asst. cam. Robert MacDonald 2nd asst. cam. Patrick Lindsell 3rd asst. cam. Godwin Mawuru vid. op./cam/truck driver Washington Bohwa sd. rec. Richard Nichol boom Marty Lacroix gaff. Paul Roscoria best boy Cephas Mathimba elec. Wiseman Chiveshe, Samson Mudzimir gen. op. Niklaus Fukude key grip Wayne Collins 2nd grip Rhett Abrahms asst. grips David Chiganze, Peter Malunga grip labour Emmanuel Doro, Trynos Ruzani Zimbabwe art d. Tracy Dunn asst. art. d. Aaron Mudapakai prop. mast. Tom Daly props. David Guwaza set dr. Shuna Herscovitz asst. set dr. Inga Karlsen pict. vehicles Moncton Mutswairo const. sup. Colin Shiff carp. Patrick Chabkwa, Albert Tapera, Peter Chikamba, Dixon Zhawawu hd. paint. George Peters paint. Richard Chamunaruwa, Caln Ndlovu m-sup sup. Diane Simard hair Carmen MacDonald m-up Peter Mpoto cost. des. Alizia Krost ward. mist. Elaine Dawson ward. asst. Electra Garaba, Virginia Mkiza stills Christoph Guellich, Peter Reid cost. Susan Hains, Tiane Chipu extras cast. Cont Mhanga, Chris Hurst, Enoch Nyamasoka craft. Susan Wiesenbacher loc. scout/loc. mgr. Patrick Lindsell trans. co-ord. Paul Fisher camp/elec. Titus Chitokodo trans. asst. Coaster Nzirimasanga driver Ashley Joseph mec. Melvin West drivers Ephraim Chipendo, Bertram Brown, Solomon Munemo, Robson Sovovera, Bernard Chingwawaia, Sam Gweshie, Charles Tapera, Dowell Mundani, Raphael Munyoro, Eson Kagoro post p. co-ord. Tom Berner dial. ed. Anita St-Denis fx. ed. Steven R. Mitchell asst. ed. Alastair Gray Drew Solodzuk Bruce Robb neg. cut. Catherine Rankin col. timer Vaughan Killin adr rec. Daniel Pellerin Foley art. Kerry Hall sd. mix. Daniel Pellerin title Paul Lynch sc. cons. Peter C. Wyde l.p. Isabelle Meijas, George Seremba, Robert Bockstael, Jackie Burroughs, Roland Hewgill, Dominic Kanaventi, Kathy Kuleya, Mdema Ngwenya, George Moyo, Emmanuel Doro, Chris Hurst, Styx Mhanga, Andera Moyo, Alice Nkomo, John Hunter, Godwin Mawuru, Felix Moyo, Simbarashe Mugadza, Ronnie Matimba, Mackey Tickey, Aubrey Fine Dube, Metenga Moyo, Sam Buset, Solomon Ndlovu, Taurai Muswere, Chase M'Hango, Cuthbert Chihota, Chizive Moyo, Susan Hogan.